Female Excellence:
OR,
WOMAN
Display'd,
IN SEVERAL
Satyrick Poems.

BY
A Person of Quality.

Ὁ μεδὲν ἀδικῶν, ὑδενὸς δεῖται νόμυ. *Theophrast.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Norman Nelson* at *Grays-Inn* Gate in *Holbourn*. 1679.

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A

General Satyr on Woman,

WOMAN! Thou damn'd hyperbole in Sin,
Malign *Atropos*, Hell and Woes origin.
Man, who at firſt was made in perfect bliſs,
Was by thy guilt depriv'd of happineſs;
Whoſe Soul was ſo divine, that twas eſſay'd
Its Author's Image, was by thee betray'd.
God did thy Will to but one Law confine,
Yet thy immeaſur'd Luſt turn'd Libertine.
Hell's ſubtle Serpent did her mind perceive,
Saw ſhe was fair, and knew ſhe would deceive;
The Devil and She, alas! too well did know
The ſureſt way, to work *Man*'s overthrow;
Such ſubtle arts and means they did contrive,
That *Man* could not avoid, paſs by, and live.
Could neither Grace nor Law thy Luſt diſpell,
Woman! thou damn'd Confederate with Hell?
She *Proteus* like in any ſhape is ſeen;
Of th blackeſt Crimes ſhe has the Actreſs been:
The pureſt Age hath ſad Examples ſtore
Of her baſe deeds, beſmear'd with blood and gore.
Did'ſt thou deceive, and ſhall not *Man* take heed?
Thou did'ſt with Hell damnation breed.
Abortive Sin from thee its riſe doth date:
To be damn'd is to be effeminate.
Envy and Malice from thy Fall did grow,
Murder and Homicide to thee do owe
Their birth, Treaſon and Rebellion call,
Thee Mother; Thy Venom's epidemical:
Witchcraft and Sorcery from thee did come,
And manſions claim within thy womb;
Idolatry, and Schiſm, and Hereſie,
Swearing, and Lying, and Hypocriſie;
Horrid Execrations, and Blaſphemy,
Fornication, and Adultery.
Avarice, Concupiſcence, and Gluttony;
From thee derive their monſtrous progenie;
Thou baſe Common Sewer of Iniquitie.
Theſe, and their ſev'ral Species, are
Frequent in Women, and unpractiſ'd rare:

Alas, by ſad experience do we find,
They are the impious Tenents of her mind.
Nothing that's good doth in her body dwell;
Lewd Woman is the Enthymem of Hell.
Legions of damn'd Souls in Torment cry,
Damnation came by thy Apoſtacy.
Dire Warrs and Plagues hath Juſtice now deſign'd,
Famines and Earth-quakes to torment Mankind.
Yet *Woman* by her retranſacted Ill,
New Plagues doth coin, and bring new Curſes ſtill:
But of all th' Plagues, with which poor *Man* was curſt,
His enforc'd Love of *Woman* is the worſt.
Her crooked mind's a Metaphor of Hell,
Her Tongue's an Engine which doth horror tell:
Her perverſe Will doth for her Reaſon ſtand,
Her mad Paſſion does her Will command.
Her Prudence by her fancy moves apace,
Fraud and Deceit, are in her painted face.
All moral Virtues from ill habits have,
In her ſeveral Luſts, a ſev'ral grave.
Woman! depicted thus! with theſe damn'd parts!
Yet ſtill ſhe'll conjure and comptroul our hearts!
Thus ſtands ſhe blazon'd, in this Scheme you ſee
The Faireſt Beauties, hang in Effigie.
Divorce thy thoughts now *Man* from Female Love;
This curſe obtain'd, thy curſed Fate will move;
May Wedlock be forgot, Let *Woman* die
A Victim to her own Virginitie.

A Satyr upon Woman's Uſurpation.

Woman was made *Man's* Soveraignty to own;
Man, as the Monarch, was to rule alone.
She created was a Slave, and made to dread
The angry frowns of *Man*, her Lord and Head.
Heaven did to him his Power delegate;
O're all the Univerſe he made him great:
His Power did the largeſt Scepter ſway,
The whole Creation did his Laws obey;
No limits there were ſet to his commands,
Tygers and Lyons lick'd his ſacred hands,
And Salvage Monſters wore his mighty bands.
Diſtributive Juſtice God was pleas'd to ſee
Him give, *ſans* bribe or partiality:
The Legiſlative Power was ſolely in
Juſt *Man*, till *Woman* tempted him to ſin:
Though ſhe did know Eternal death ſtood by,
Reſolv'd ſhe was to taſt, tranſgreſs, and dye.

Once ſhe was happy, but her towring pride
Could no Superiour, God or Man abide;
Man's now enſlav'd, imperions *Woman* reigns,
And governs Monarchs with her golden chains:
She is ſo prone by nature to comptroul,
That ſhe muſt govern, or deſtroy man's Soul.
She will no longer in ſubjection ſtand,
Nor will obey *Jehovah*'s great Command,
Man muſt reſolve to ſtoop to her demand.
The Sun no ſooner had begun its courſe,
And ſpread its candid beams o're th'Univerſe;
Nature her ſelf was hardly full awake,
The Planets did their motions rarely make;
The azure Orbs, in which there's finely ſet
The gliſtering Stars, ſcarce knew their Architect,
The Earth, Air, Water and Fire did hardly find
Themſelves pure Elements, and were inclin'd
To mix, in compoſition of each kind;
Man ſcarce had been the firſt reſplendent light,
E're *Woman* brought forth everlaſting night.
Her damned Pride firſt taught her how to Sin,
Ambition then the Devil uſher'd in;
Thoſe for ten thouſand more have inlets made,
And now ſhe's Miſtriſs of the Devil's trade;
She'll tempt, betray, lye, ſwear, couſen and cheat,
Hell's blackeſt arts, ten thouſand times repeat.
So hard's the Fate of miſerable Man,
That he ſhall be deſtroy'd, if Woman can:
Heaven's diviner charms, cannot compoſe
Her ſwelling thoughts, ambition knows no Laws;
Toſs'd with impetuous ſtorms of haughty Pride,
Diſorder'd motives will her paſſions guide,
Till ſhe deſtroy her loving Lord and Bride.
She, with domeſtick ſtorms of civil hate,
Diſturbs the ſolitude of Man's eſtate:
Eternal Wars ſhe'll make, no peace permit,
Till ſhe command, and all Mankind ſubmit:
Such was th'effects of her aſpiring Mind,
She damn'd the race and ſtock of brave Mankind.
Baſe ſilly *Cupid*, that art ſo fondly wiſe,
Let Woman rule thee with her ſparkling Eyes;
Baſe Wretch, that for th'Effects of Luſt will ſell
Thy birth-right, thy power; thy Heaven for Hell!
My Soul's too great, and can no bondage bear;
My Will's too free, and cannot fetters wear.

Woman!

Since Heaven's Sacred Laws, cannot reſtrain
Thy Will, and threaten'd Vengeance is in vain;
Since to live peaceful is thy greateſt pain,
Proceed, and thou ſhalt Queen of Devils reign.

A Satyr on Woman's Luſt.

HOt Luſt within her reigns in every part;
The fouleſt Sins poſſeſs her filthy heart:
Inceſt, and the many Sins of *Sodom*, are
Dull ſatisfaction to the luſtful Fair:
T'attain her ends ſhe Mountains would remove;
And knows no bliſs but in laſcivious love.
She'll travel all the fouleſt Roads of Hell,
Commit ſuch Vice as ne're knew parallel:
Till ſhe enjoyes, no reſt ſhall cloſe her eyes;
Enjoyment is her only Paradiſe.
Miſſing her man, ſome ugly mungril muſt
Give ſatisfaction, to her raging luſt:
Her appetite's ſo ſtrong, that to fulfill
Her damn'd deſires, ſhe'll try Infernals skill:
No monſtrous object can deter her mind;
She'l uſe a Dog or Devil for Mankind.
But if in all her Luſt prevention find,
'Twill gnaw, and eat her own diſtracted mind;
Burſt into Envy, and ten thouſand more
Such monſtrous Sins, as Hell n'ere knew before:
Hell! Hell's no abyſs if compar'd to this,
'Tis Woman's Luſt is only bottomleſs.
Her Luſt deny'd! ſhe'll rend the Earth and Skies,
And thunder forth moſt horrid blaſphemies;
She'll roar, and cry, and ſcratch, ſhe'll howl and tear,
Like Devils who the greateſt torments wear.
Thus burning Luſt doth ſet her Soul on fire,
Which will for ever flame with hot deſire:
Life will with Luſt together both expire,
And will accompany her Soul to Hell,
And there with luſtful *Demons* ever dwell;
Then her enjoyments will eternal prove,
Where *Pluto* takes her for his helliſh Love.

In Praiſe of a Deformed, but Virtuous Lady;

OR,

A Satyr on Beauty.

FIne Shape, good Features, and a handſom Face;
Such do the glory of the Mind deface;
But Virtue is the beſt and only grace.
Venus Man's mind enflames with luſtful fires,
Conſumes his Reaſon and burns his beſt Deſires.
Wer't thou my Soul but from my body free,
Had fleſh and blood no influence on thee,
Then would'ſt thou love a Woman, and would'ſt chooſe
The Soul, fair ſhe, to be thy bleſſed Spouſe.
Beauty's corrupt, and like a Flower ſtands
To be collected by impure hands.
'Tis hard, as 'tis impoſſible to find,
Virtue and *Venus* both together joyn'd.
For the Fair She, who knows the force and ſtrength
Of Beauty's charms, grows proud; and then at length
Luſt and ambition will poſſeſs her breaſt,
Which always will diſturb man's peaceful reſt.
She will adore her ſelf, and diſeſteem
All others that in truth more comely ſeem:
She thinks beſides ſhe is ador'd by all,
And that Mankind muſt at her footſtool fall;
And thus is *Beauty* prejudicial.
Beware my Soul, leſt ſhe enſnare thy Sence,
Againſt her Wiles let Virtue be thy fence.
Some pleaſe their fancies with a Picture well,
And for meer toys do real Pleaſures ſell.
Some ſhadows love, beyond ſubſtantial things:
Such faults are ſometimes ſeen in Sacred Kings.
Fancy's a microſcope which cheats the Eye,
Who looks through that, their Judgments falſify.
No bliſs fond *Cupid* thinks, but what is in
The ſmoothing, of his Ladie's tender skin;
Her ſnowy breaſts, her ſparkling ſable eyes,
Her charming looks, her blooming cheeks ſurpriſe;
Her ebony brows, her bright forehead high,
Her ſoft belly, and her ivory thigh,
In theſe his beſt and chiefeſt Pleaſures lye.
What other parts ſhe can for pleaſures ſhow,
You can produce as well as ſhe, I know.

When

When age with furrows ſhall have plow'd her face,
And all her body o're, thick wrinkles place,
Her breaſts turn black, her ſparkling eyes ſink in,
Fearful to ſee the briſtles on her chin,
Her painted face grown ſwarthy, wan and thin,
Her hands all ſhrievled o're, her nails of length
Enough to digg her grave, had ſhe but ſtrength.
Such is the Miſtriſs that blind Poets praiſe,
Such fooliſh theams their groveling fancys raiſe:
My Miſtriſs is more lovely, and more fair,
Graces divine in her more brighter are;
She is the ſource of bliſs, whil'ſt Virtue reigns
In her, all things impure her Soul diſdains.
Thoſe fools ne're knew pure Love's moſt ſacred arts,
That e're were conquer'd by blind *Cupid*'s darts,
Or ſtand as Slaves to their own carnal hearts.

Madam,

'Tis the preheminence that's ſeen in you,
Which does with ſacred love my heart ſubdue,
Your gentle nature, and your modeſt meen,
Your paſſions conquer'd, and your looks ſerene,
Your converſation mild; theſe ſacred charms,
Protection are 'gainſt luſts impurer harms;
Theſe and your other Virtues do excell,
And matchleſs ſeem to want a Paralell.
In your moſt ſacred preſence none can think
Of Luſt, or once its horrid venom drink:
You are an Object that will ſoon diſpell
Luſt's moſt delightful Poiſons ſent from Hell.
Your ſelf's the ſubſtance of the Saints above,
You move my Soul with chaſt and holy love;
For you alone large offerings I deſign,
And with continual prayers wiſh you mine;
Oh! that Omnipotence would bounty ſhew,
And make me happy in contracting you.

FINIS.

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